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FORBIDDEN TALES OF
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FORBIDDEN TALES OF DARK MANSION
DARK MANSION
NO. 11
JULY
30525
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

MK KALUTA
COME, LOST AND GENTLE SOUL, AND STEP ACROSS THE MYSTIC THRESHOLD THAT SEPARATES THE BLEAK AND WEARY WORLD YOU LIVE IN FROM THE SILENT, TIMELESS LANDSCAPE OF THE DARK MANSION! YOU NEED NOT BE TOO FEARFUL--YOU HAVE ME TO GUIDE YOU! AND I MAY EVEN LET YOU GO BACK HOME AGAIN...AS SOON AS THE SANDS OF TIME RUN OUT!
J-3113

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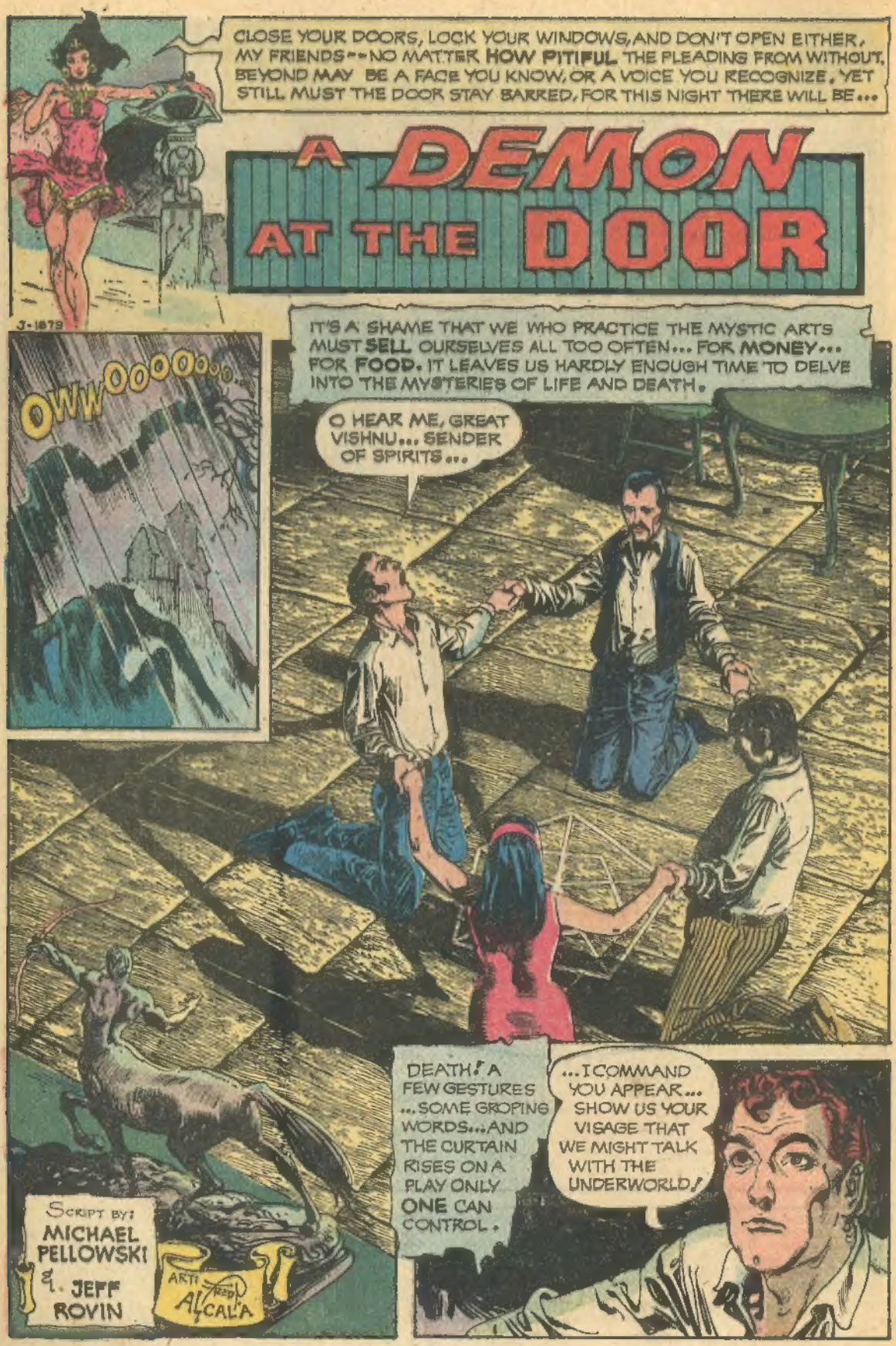
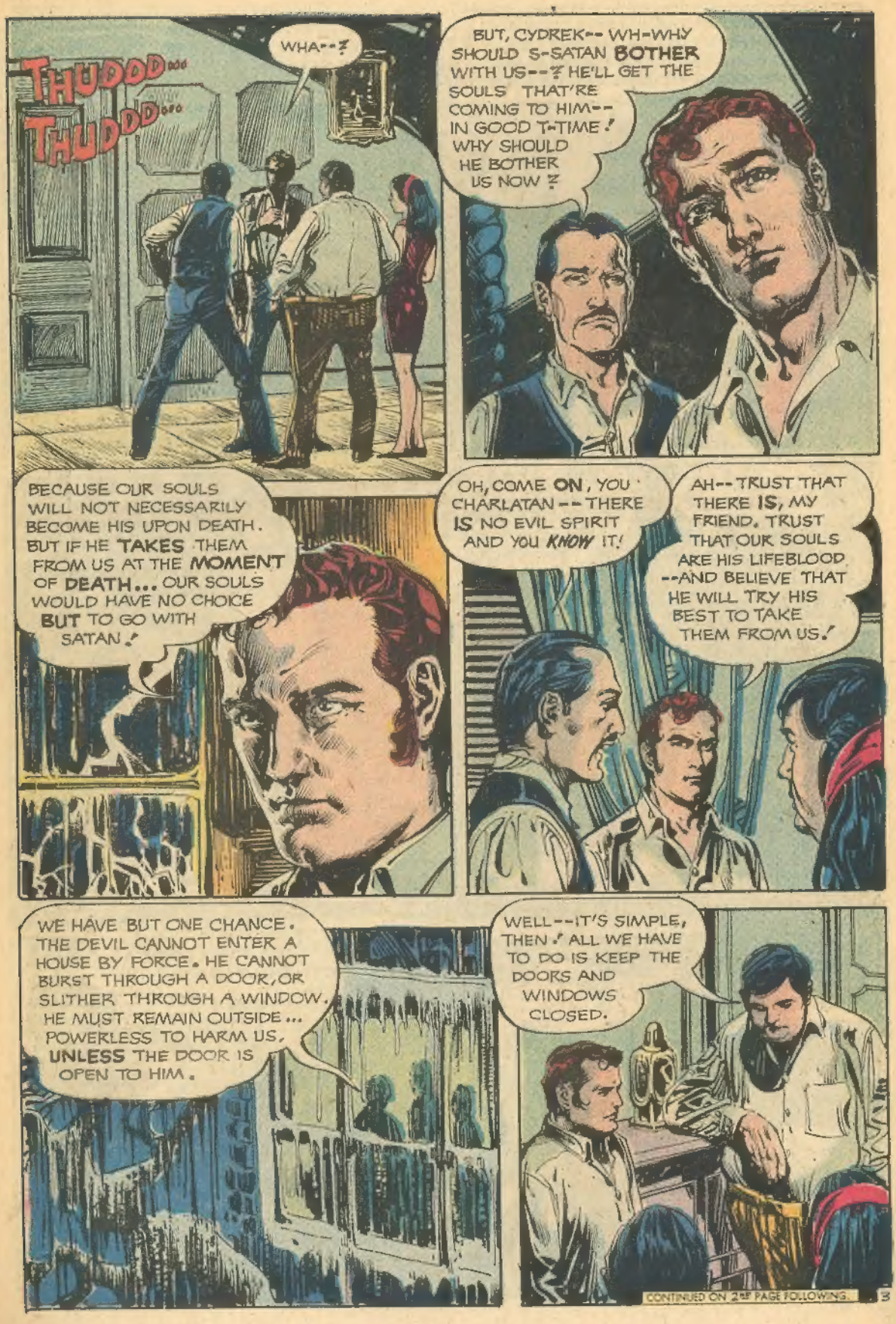

CLOSE YOUR DOORS, LOCK YOUR WINDOWS, AND DON'T OPEN EITHER, MY FRIENDS--NO MATTER HOW PITIFUL THE PLEADING FROM WITHOUT, BEYOND MAY BE A FACE YOU KNOW, OR A VOICE YOU RECOGNIZE. YET STILL MUST THE DOOR STAY BARRED, FOR THIS NIGHT THERE WILL BE...
A DEMON AT THE DOOR
J-1879
OWWOOOOOO...
IT'S A SHAME THAT WE WHO PRACTICE THE MYSTIC ARTS MUST SELL OURSELVES ALL TOO OFTEN... FOR MONEY... FOR FOOD. IT LEAVES US HARDLY ENOUGH TIME TO DELVE INTO THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE AND DEATH.
O HEAR ME, GREAT VISHNU... SENDER OF SPIRITS...
DEATH! A FEW GESTURES ...SOME GROPING WORDS...AND THE CURTAIN RISES ON A PLAY ONLY ONE CAN CONTROL.
...I COMMAND YOU APPEAR... SHOW US YOUR VISAGE THAT WE MIGHT TALK WITH THE UNDERWORLD!
SCRIPT BY: MICHAEL PELLOWSKI & JEFF ROVIN
ARTI ALCALA

I FELT A CHILLING SHROUD FALL OVER MY BODY. HAD THE CURTAIN LIFTED? OR... HAD ANOTHER, FAR MORE DEADLY VEIL JUST COME DOWN? I COULD NOT BE SURE...
HEED ME, O DEMON OF DARKNESS. I AM THE LINK BETWEEN YOUR WORLD AND MINE-- USE ME TO--ARRRRGGGHH!!
THE STORM... THE MOOD... THE HOVERING PRESENCE OF HELL-BRED EVIL--I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRY TO CONTACT THE DEAD ON SUCH A NIGHT...
I-I--AARRRRGGGHHH--!! I-I HAVE UNLEASHED A-A-LOATHESOME EVIL... TO HAUNT TH-THIS LAND... UNTIL SUNRISE!!
CYDREK-- WHAT WAS IT?
DEATH--! DEATH HAS COME AMONGST US. HE HAS CROSSED THE BRIDGE THAT OUR CIRCLE OPENED--AND I COULD NOT KEEP HIM BACK!
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, CYDREK? YOU DON'T MAKE SENSE!
ON THE CONTRARY, MR. STEVENS, THIS INSANITY IS ALL TOO LOGICAL! I HAVE ACCIDENTALLY OPENED THE DOOR TO HELL, ALLOWING SATAN HIMSELF ACCESS TO OUR SOULS!


THUDDD
THUDDD
WHA--?
BUT, CYDREK-- WH-WHY SHOULD S-SATAN BOTHER WITH US--? HE'LL GET THE SOULS THAT'RE COMING TO HIM-- IN GOOD T-TIME! WHY SHOULD HE BOTHER US NOW?
BECAUSE OUR SOULS WILL NOT NECESSARILY BECOME HIS UPON DEATH. BUT IF HE TAKES THEM FROM US AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH... OUR SOULS WOULD HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO GO WITH SATAN!
OH, COME ON, YOU CHARLATAN -- THERE IS NO EVIL SPIRIT AND YOU KNOW IT!
AH-- TRUST THAT THERE IS, MY FRIEND. TRUST THAT OUR SOULS ARE HIS LIFEBLOOD --AND BELIEVE THAT HE WILL TRY HIS BEST TO TAKE THEM FROM US!
WE HAVE BUT ONE CHANCE. THE DEVIL CANNOT ENTER A HOUSE BY FORCE. HE CANNOT BURST THROUGH A DOOR, OR SLITHER THROUGH A WINDOW. HE MUST REMAIN OUTSIDE... POWERLESS TO HARM US, UNLESS THE DOOR IS OPEN TO HIM.
WELL--IT'S SIMPLE, THEN! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS KEEP THE DOORS AND WINDOWS CLOSED.

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

WERE IT BUT THAT SIMPLE... THE SPIRIT MAY ASSUME THE SHAPE OF A MAN -- OR SOME OTHER LIVING CREATURE -- SUCH AS THE ONE YOU HEARD BANGING ON THE DOOR! HE MAY SPEAK LIKE A MAN...OR HISS LIKE A SNAKE -- PURR LIKE A CAT. HE WILL TRY TO TRICK US INTO OPENING THE DOOR!
SUDDENLY...
SKREEEE...
SKREEEE...
A STRANGE APPARITION, THAT FLYING THING WAS. NONE OF US GOT A GOOD LOOK AT IT... BUT THERE WAS NO DOUBT AS TO WHO IT WAS!
MY DOGS! THE MONSTER IS KILLING MY DOGS!
AWRRR...
AWWOOO...
NO, MR. STEVENS -- YOU MUSTN'T!
MUSTN'T -- HAH! I'LL BRING YOUR DEVIL ON A SILVER PLATTER!
JACK! NO! DON'T!
4

BEWARE IF THE CREATURE HAS BUT ONE EYE.' I HAVE HEARD EXORCISTS TELL THAT IN WHATEVER EARTHLY FORM THE DEVIL APPEARS, ONE SOCKET IS ALWAYS EMPTY...
YOU CAN KEEP YOUR OLD WIVES' TALES! GET OUT OF MY WAY.'
OUTSIDE, ONLY THE RAIN FELL FROM HEAVEN. ALL ELSE CAME FROM HELL.
WHY DID I TAKE THE CHANCE OF ALLOWING SOMETHING LIKE THIS TO HAPPEN? I SHOULD HAVE STOPPED WHILE THERE WAS STILL TIME. AND FOR WHAT? FOR MONEY? IT'S A CURSE. AND WHO AM I BUT A SINNER?

IT WAS NEAR THE NEW DAY. I HAD BEEN DOZING, WHEN ...
THIS IS THE SHERIFF.' WHAT IS THAT BODY DOING OUTSIDE?
KNOCK! KNOCK!

DAWN HAD ALMOST BROKEN-- NOW THERE WOULD BE QUESTIONS. WOULD ANYONE BELIEVE OUR STORY?
OFFICER! THANK GOD YOU'VE COME!

MY MIND WAS STUMBLING FOR THE ONE SLIP THAT WOULD PROVE THIS ALL A DREAM ...
GASP!

EVENIN', FOLKS!

ONLY THE RASHEST OF MORTALS DARE TAMPER WITH THE FATES THAT LURK WITHIN THE SHADOWS OF THE DARK MANSION! BUT OF COURSE, WE ALREADY KNEW THAT-- DIDN'T WE, GENTLE READER?
END

Dear Editor:

I really enjoy your magazine, The Forbidden Tales Of Dark Mansion. My favorite type of comics are the weird comics, or mystery books like yours. I especially enjoyed the second story, "Specter's Notebook" by John Albano.

The other two stories in the book by Jack Oleck were also very good (as you can see I like writers much more than artists). I also liked the cover. Who drew it? Was it Mike Kaluta or possibly Jim Aparo?

Keep up the good work on Dark Mansion and your other books.

John Roberts
Lexington, Ky.

Dear John—

The cover was by Neal Adams.

* * *

Dear Joe:

Bring back full length stories or else! That was what made Dark Mansion and Sinister House unique. Now they are just ordinary, boring mystery titles. The stories can be non-romantic, but please make them full-length. The short stories that you are running now are just plain dull.

Joan Kane
Denver, Colo.

Dear Joan—

Not enough readers supported the book-length stories so we have to stick to a successful format. We were willing to innovate, but you readers apparently weren't ready for it.

* * *

Dear Joe:

I enjoyed DARK MANSION #9 very much but I'd like to make a few comments.

First, the introductory page. It was a very nice piece of Mike Kaluta art, but who is the girl? She introduced all the stories in the issue but she never identified herself. If you are going to keep her as a hostess, you had better develop a personality for her.

Now the stories. "Donovan's Demon" was a good tale, and well drawn, but the theme was a bit old. After all, it is a well known fact that any time you try to summon a demon and use him for selfish purposes he will fulfill your wish in a boomeranging fashion. "Specter's Notebook" was okay, but had no outstanding features. "The Head Of The House" was passably written, but superbly drawn. I also liked the lettering, which I presume was Alcala's own. Where can I see more of his work?

The lettercol was okay, but it also suffered from the impersonality of the hostess.

See ya next time,

Matt Leibowitz
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Matt—

Slowly but surely we are going to develop the character of the mystery lady from the Dark Mansion. Then, when she is fully defined, she'll take over the lettercol.

Alfredo Alcala's art can be seen in every issue in WEIRD WESTERN TALES, on the strip entitled EL DIABLO.

* * *

Dear Editor:

Usually the first thing I buy on the newsstand is the mystery comics. I do this because I'm pretty confident that books like House of Mystery, House of Secrets, Weird Mystery, and Dark Mansion will feature good stories and even better art. However, this week I was very disappointed by Dark Mansion #9.

The first thing that caught my eye was, obviously, the art. I don't know where you find these artists, but some of them are really bad. It seems that the only thing these guys work on is the mystery line. Why not get some of the old-timers at DC to do stories for you? The last story, "The Head Of The House," was the worst of the lot. Alfredo Alcala is too detailed for comics.

And now the stories . . . as far as I'm concerned, Jack Oleck is as close to a comic book hack as a writer can get. All his stories have been done and re-done to death. The only half-way decent story was the one by John Albano—"The Specter's Notebook." The storyline wasn't one of those constantly rehashed plots.

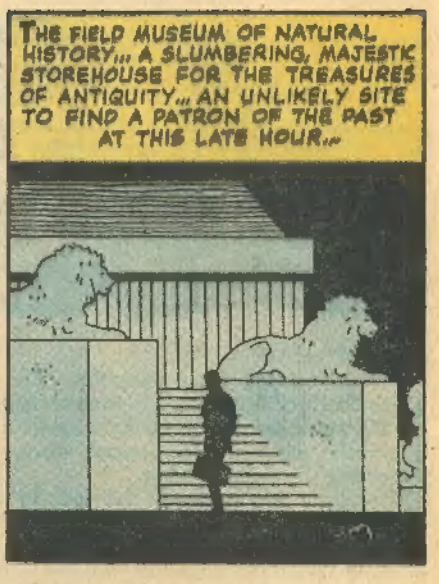
The only really good thing I can say about this issue of Dark Mansion is that you didn't use a stupid host like Cain, Abel, or the Witch sisters in Witching Hour.

Andy Markowitz
Bronx, N.Y.

* *

ATTENTION: Yes, YOU out there. I received less mail on this issue of Dark Mansion than I've ever received on a magazine that I edited. If you want the stories and artwork to please you, you must tell us what you like. Let us know which stories are your favorites, how you like our mystery host, and what kind of special features you'd like the Dark Mansion to have. So WRITE. Write now and write frequently. Exercise your freedom of choice by writing THROUGH THE KEYHOLE OF THE DARK MANSION, National Periodical Publications, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY, BELOVED READERS? YOU, TOO, ARE CAPTIVATED BY EGYPTIAN EXHIBITS AND WOULD LIKE TO VISIT THE MUSEUM AT MIDNIGHT? WELL, LET'S JOIN A GREEDY YOUNG MAN NAMED AUGUSTUS, WHO'S ABOUT TO BECOME...
BUM WRAP
LET ME OUT! THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! THIS SOLID ROCK WALL WAS MERE GLASS JUST A MINUTE AGO!
PAIII
J1920


THE FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY... A SLUMBERING, MAJESTIC STOREHOUSE FOR THE TREASURES OF ANTIQUITY... AN UNLIKELY SITE TO FIND A PATRON OF THE PAST AT THIS LATE HOUR...

UNLESS THAT PATRON IS BORN OF THE NIGHT, NURTURED IN DARKNESS, AND COMFORTED IN SHADOWS... UNLESS THAT PATRON IS AUGUSTUS CHERVIL...

AUGUSTUS CHERVIL, ABSURDLY DISTINGUISHED NAME FOR A COMMON THIEF... A THIEF WHO IS AFTER ONE THING ONLY...
MY TICKET TO PLASTIC SURGERY -- AND EASY LIVIN'... IN THE BASEMENT... THE EGYPTIAN HALL...
1

THE AIR IS STIFLING, *OPPRESSIVE* WITHIN THE VAST BUT CONTAINED MUSEUM. THE THIEF'S CLOTHES CLING TO HIS BODY WITH IRRITATING STICKINESS...

GOTTA MAKE THIS *FAST*-- GUARDS MUST MAKE THE ROUNDS EVERY HALF-HOUR OR SO... COULDN'T *STAND* BEING CAGED IN PRISON AGAIN...

SWEAT SLUICES DOWN HIS FOREHEAD IN HOT RIVULETS, STINGS AT THE TRENCH OF A GRUESOME SCAR, WHICH IS THE ONLY MEMENTO OF A PREVIOUS UNFORTUNATE VENTURE...

IT'S SO LOUSY *STUFFY* IN HERE... WITH ALL THE *LOOT* THEY GOT IN HERE YOU'D THINK THEY COULD AFFORD *AIR CONDITIONING!*

THEN THE GLEAMING ACCUMULATION OF EGYPTIAN WEALTH CONFRONTS THE THIEF-- PRICELESS RELICS AND ARTIFACTS FROM THE LONG-AGO DESERTS ALONG THE TIMELESS NILE...

BEAUTIFUL... *BEAUTIFUL!* AFTER I PULL OFF THIS HAUL, I CAN GO STRAIGHT FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE--AND WITH A *NEW FACE!*

THE THIEF'S DIAMOND-POINTED GLASS-CUTTER SCORES A SILENT *ENTRANCE* INTO ONE OF THE GLASS-CONTAINED DISPLAYS...

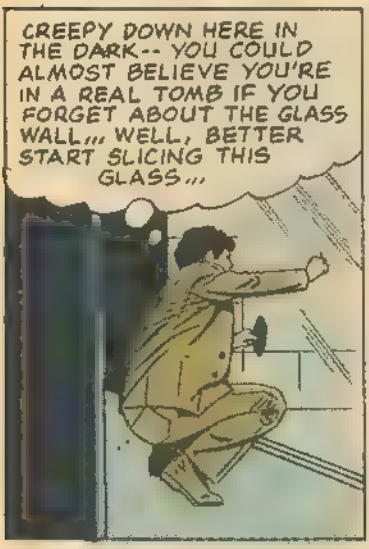
CAN'T WASTE TOO MUCH TIME ON THIS LITTLE STUFF-- THE *REAL* BIGGIE IS THE PRICELESS *TIARA-CROWN* ON THE MUMMY OF OLD KING TUTTI-FRUTTI OR WHATEVER HIS NAME IS...

...AND AUGUSTUS CHERVIL DEFTLY *RELIEVES* THE EXHIBIT OF ITS ARRAY OF PRECIOUS RELICS...

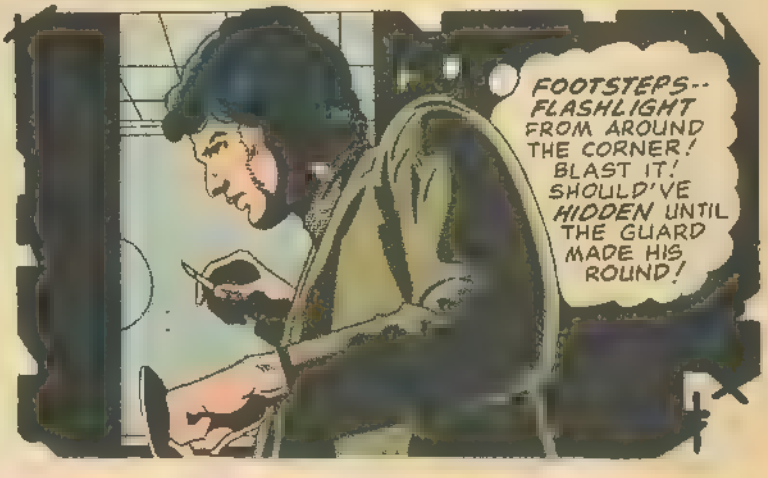
THAT'S ABOUT ENOUGH OF *THIS* SMALL STUFF... GOTTA HURRY SO I HAVE TIME TO GET THAT *CROWN!*

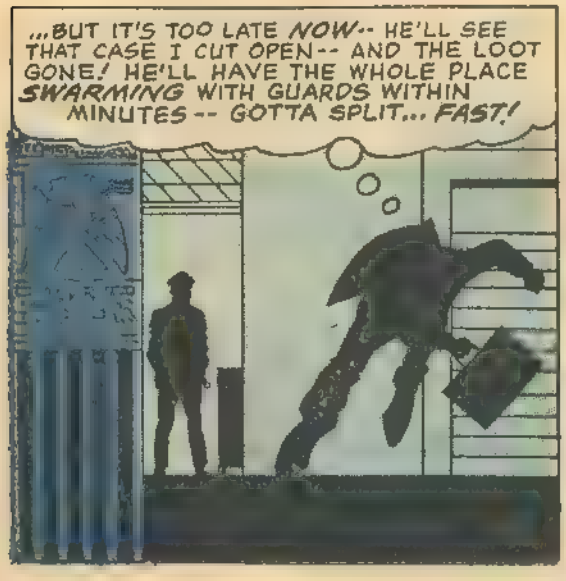
CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

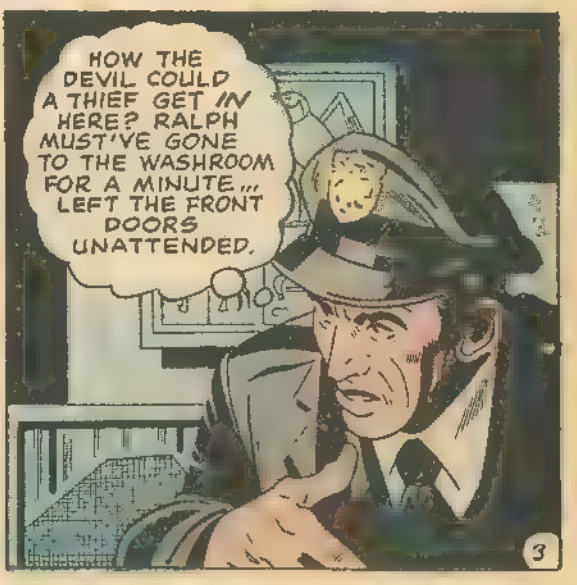
EVEN A THIEF SUCH AS AUGUSTUS CHERVIL IS AWED BY THE CARE WHICH PAINSTAKING CURATORS HAVE ACCORDED THE AUTHENTICALLY RECONSTRUCTED TOMB...

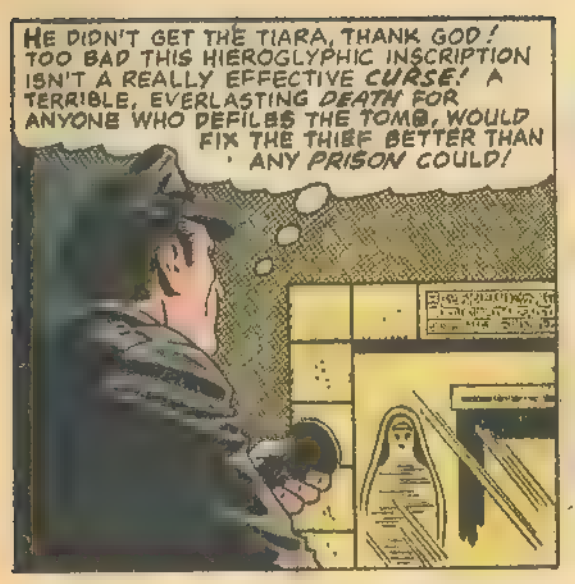

CREEPY DOWN HERE IN THE DARK-- YOU COULD ALMOST BELIEVE YOU'RE IN A REAL TOMB IF YOU FORGET ABOUT THE GLASS WALL... WELL, BETTER START SLICING THIS GLASS...

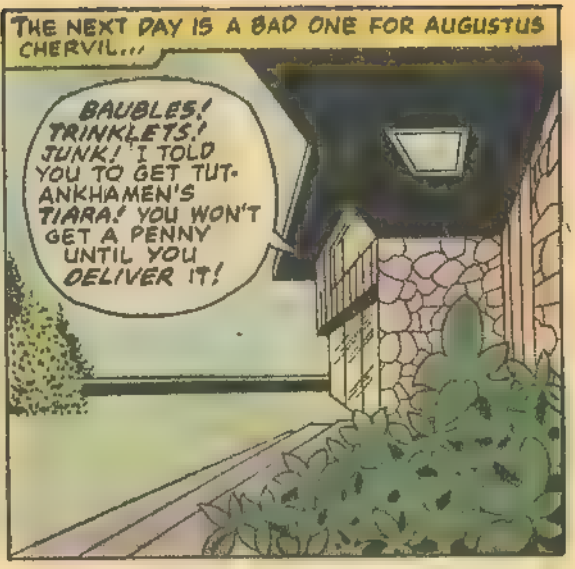
BUT THEN, SLOWLY AND WITH GRADUALLY GATHERING VOLUME, A HOLLOW TAPPING STAYS THE THIEF'S HAND AND FREEZES HIS BLOOD...

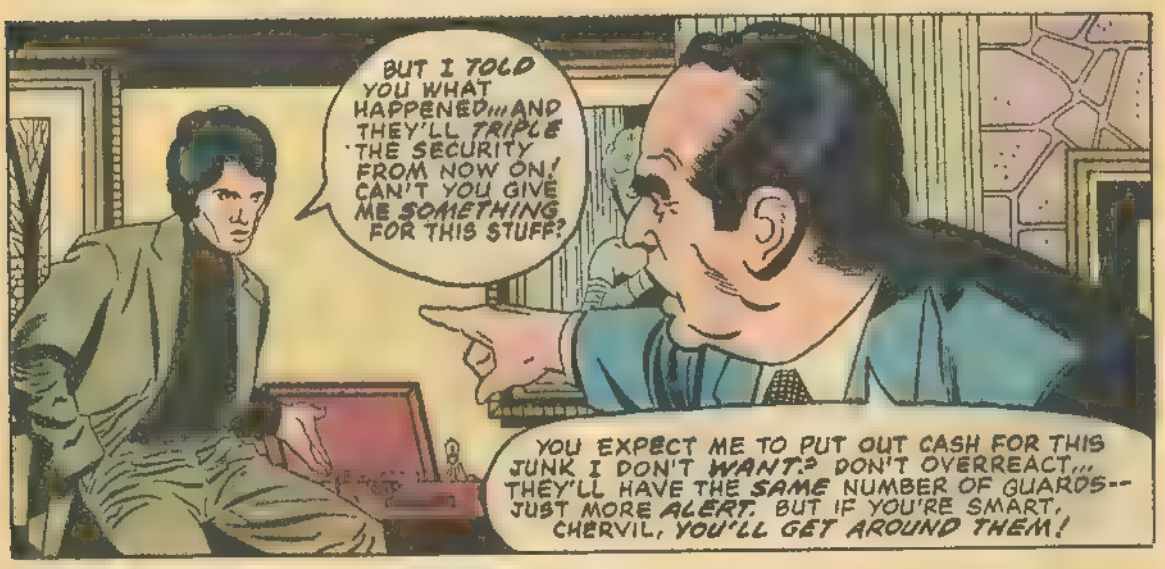


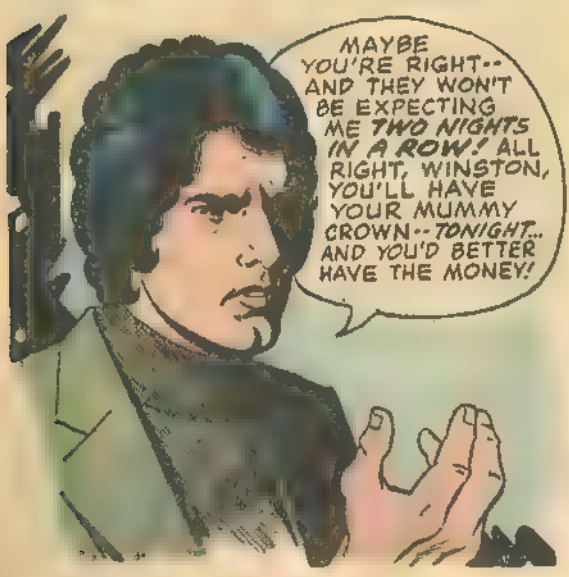

...BUT IT'S TOO LATE *NOW*-- HE'LL SEE THAT CASE I CUT OPEN-- AND THE LOOT GONE! HE'LL HAVE THE WHOLE PLACE *SWARMING* WITH GUARDS WITHIN MINUTES-- GOTTA SPLIT... *FAST!*

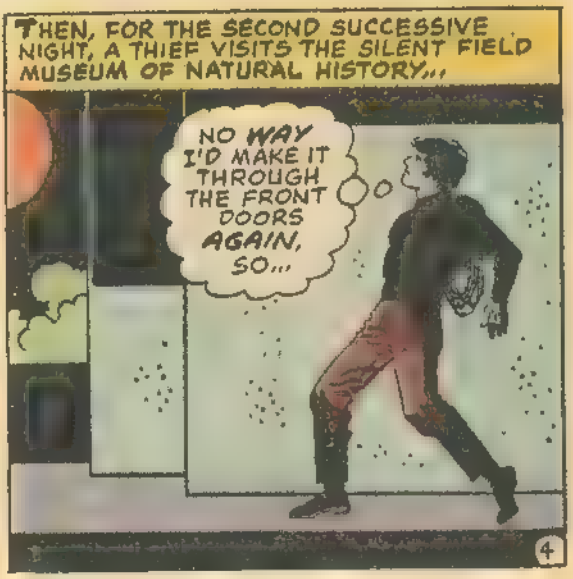


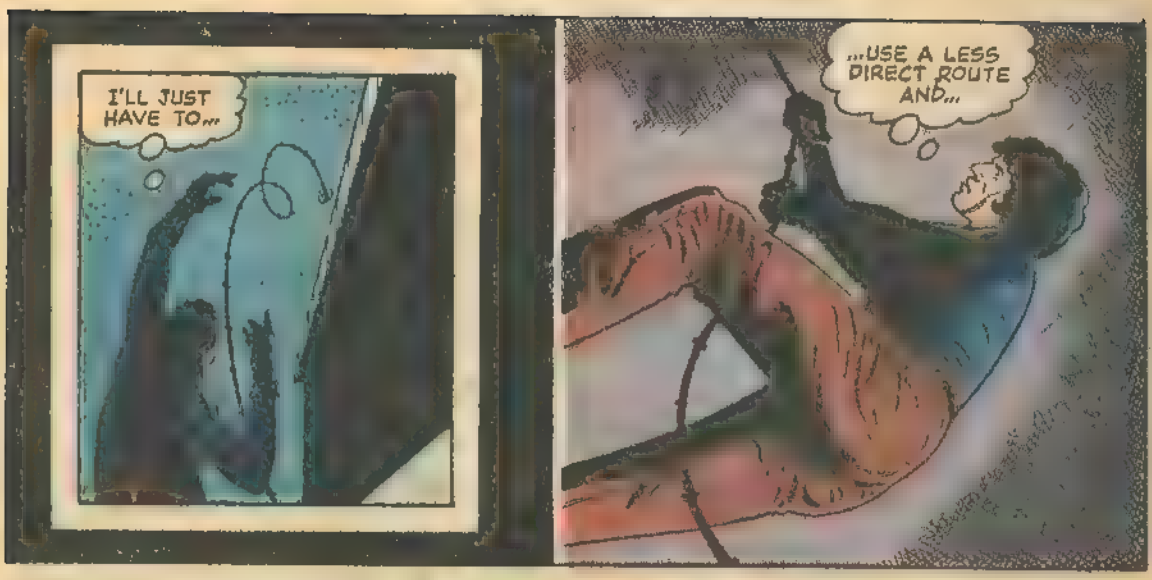

HE DIDN'T GET THE TIARA, THANK GOD! TOO BAD THIS HIEROGLYPHIC INSCRIPTION ISN'T A REALLY EFFECTIVE CURSE! A TERRIBLE, EVERLASTING DEATH FOR ANYONE WHO DEFILES THE TOMB, WOULD FIX THE THIEF BETTER THAN ANY PRISON COULD!


THE NEXT DAY IS A BAD ONE FOR AUGUSTUS CHERVIL...
BAUBLES! TRINKLETS! JUNK! I TOLD YOU TO GET TUT-ANKHAMEN'S TIARA! YOU WON'T GET A PENNY UNTIL YOU DELIVER IT!


BUT I TOLD YOU WHAT HAPPENED... AND THEY'LL TRIPLE THE SECURITY FROM NOW ON! CAN'T YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR THIS STUFF?
YOU EXPECT ME TO PUT OUT CASH FOR THIS JUNK I DON'T WANT? DON'T OVERREACT... THEY'LL HAVE THE SAME NUMBER OF GUARDS-- JUST MORE ALERT. BUT IF YOU'RE SMART, CHERVIL, YOU'LL GET AROUND THEM!


MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT-- AND THEY WON'T BE EXPECTING ME TWO NIGHTS IN A ROW! ALL RIGHT, WINSTON, YOU'LL HAVE YOUR MUMMY CROWN--TONIGHT... AND YOU'D BETTER HAVE THE MONEY!

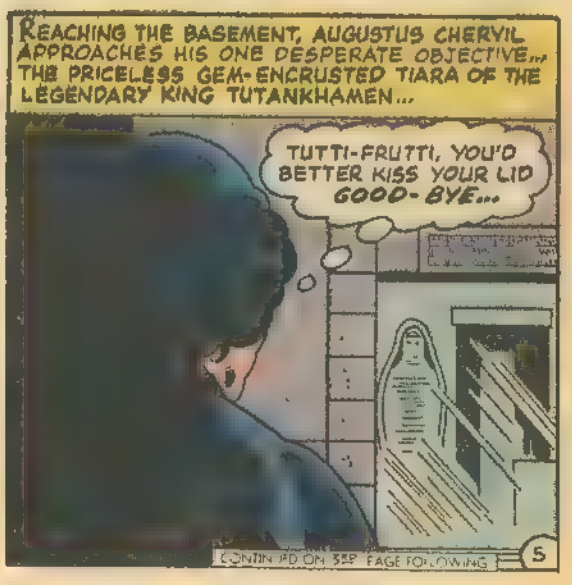

THEN, FOR THE SECOND SUCCESSIVE NIGHT, A THIEF VISITS THE SILENT FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY...
NO WAY I'D MAKE IT THROUGH THE FRONT DOORS AGAIN, SO...


I'LL JUST HAVE TO...
...USE A LESS DIRECT ROUTE AND...

...FIND MYSELF A WAY TO ENTER FROM...

...THE TOP! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MAKE IT DOWN TO THE FLOOR...

...AND DOWN TO THE BASEMENT! AFTER I SNATCH THAT LOUSY CROWN, I'LL JUST REVERSE MY ACTIONS AND I'LL BE HOME FREE!


REACHING THE BASEMENT, AUGUSTUS CHERVIL APPROACHES HIS ONE DESPERATE OBJECTIVE... THE PRICELESS GEM-ENCRUSTED TIARA OF THE LEGENDARY KING TUTANKHAMEN...
TUTTI-FRUTTI, YOU'D BETTER KISS YOUR LID GOOD-BYE...
CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING
5

THE GLASS-CUTTER HISSES A PATH THROUGH THE TRANSPARENT WALL PARTITION...

"...'CAUSE I GOT BETTER USES FOR IT THAN *YOU* DO!

HOPE YOU DON'T CATCH A HEAD COLD, TUTTI-FRUTTI, WHAT WITH THE *DRAFT* FROM THE HOLE I CUT-- AND WITHOUT YOUR *HAT* ANYMORE!

THEN, AS HE TURNS TO LEAVE THE RECONSTRUCTED TOMB SECTION...

HUH! MUST BE ONE OF THOSE BORIS KARLOFF CURSES... PROMISING SOME HORRIBLE FATE ON ANYONE WHO MESSES WITH THE TOMB. KINDA CREEPY.. BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE GUARD MAKES HIS ROUNDS...

BUT INSTEAD OF FINDING THE GLASS WALL WITH ITS NEATLY CUT EXIT HOLE, HE IS CONFRONTED WITH...

ROCK! SOLID ROCK-- JUST LIKE THE *REST* OF THIS FAKED-UP TOMB! BUT... BUT WHERE'S THE GLASS WALL--?!!! MUST BE... *CONFUSED*-- THIS CAN'T *HAPPEN!* IT JUST..*CAN'T!*

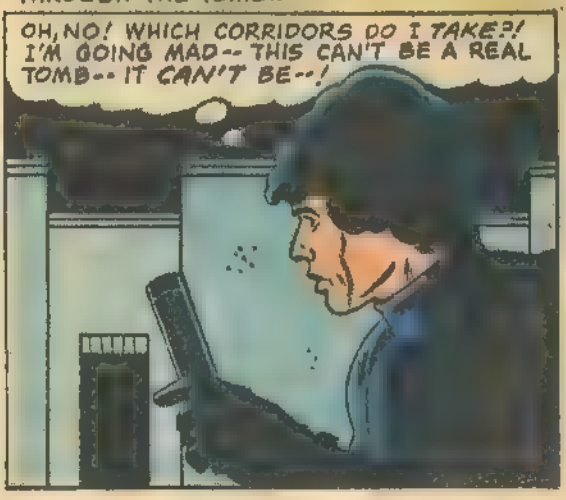
UNNERVED, THE THIEF FORGETS ALL THOUGHTS OF DISCOVERY, OR CAPTURE, OR CLAUSTROPHOBIC *PRISON*-- FOR WITHIN A PRISON HE ALREADY *IS*...

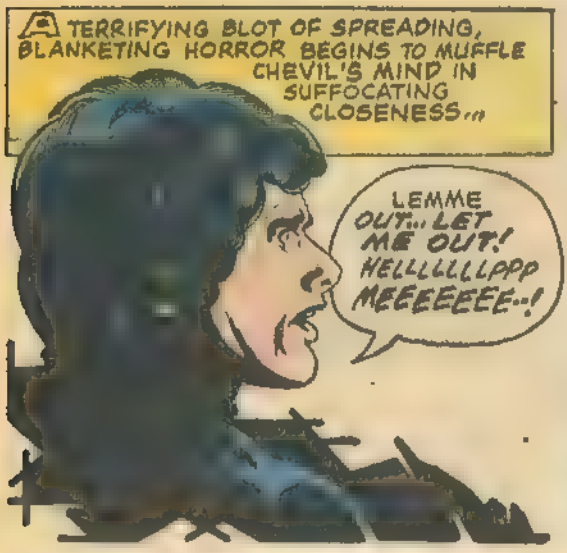
OPEN UP! LEMME *OUT!* WHERE'S THE *GLASS WALL*--?! SOMEBODY OUT THERE--OPEN *UP!* GET ME *OUTA HERE!*

...A DANK, MUSTY PRISON... A PRISON CRUSTED WITH THE GRAY DUST OF CENTURIES... A PRISON OF THE *DEAD*... A *TOMB*...

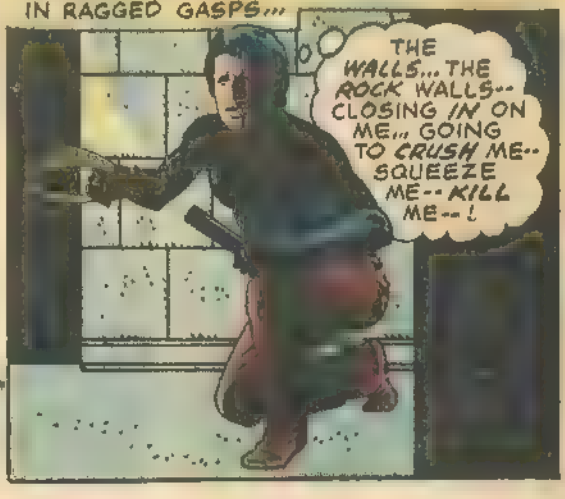
MAYBE THIS CORRIDOR WILL LEAD OUT...

BERSERK, HIS INSANE FEET POUNDING THROUGH THE DUST OF ANTIQUITY, CHERVIL RACES THROUGH THE TOMB...




TERRIFYING BLOT OF SPREADING, BLANKETING HORROR BEGINS TO MUFFLE CHEVIL'S MIND IN SUFFOCATING CLOSENESS...
LEMME OUT... LET ME OUT! HELLLLLLPPP MEEEEEEE--!

...UNTIL DESPERATION ASSAILS HIS CRUMBLING MIND. -- HIS BREATH COMES IN RAGGED GASPS...



THEN HIS HORRIFIED SOBBING AND WHIMPERING CEASES, RELINQUISHES ITS POSITION TO NEW HEIGHTS OF SEEPING TERROR... AN AN OMINOUS, SHUFFLING SHADOW BLOTS THE WEAK LIGHT...
NO... NO... NOOOOO!

AND IRRESISTIBLY, HIS BULGING EYES ARE *DRAWN* TO THE *SOURCE* OF THAT AWFUL SHADOW... HIS HANDS BECOME NUMB AND HE DROPS THE PRECIOUS TIARA AS THE LAST STITCH OF THE DELICATE FABRIC WHICH IS HIS MIND SHREDS LIKE ROTTEN GAUZE...

AND A MINDLESS, PIERCING WAIL OF DEMENTED TORMENT ISSUES FROM DEEP WITHIN A BODY WHICH HAS NOW DETERIORATED TO LIFELESS JELLY...

...YAAAAAAHHH!

A MUSEUM GUARD MAKES HIS LATE-NIGHT WEARY ROUNDS OF THE EGYPTIAN HALL. THE GLASS PARTITION IS UNDISTURBED! THERE IS NO SIGN OF A HOLE HAVING BEEN CUT IN IT...

ALL QUIET HERE... GUESS NO ONE'D BE STUPID ENOUGH TO BREAK IN HERE TWO NIGHTS IN A ROW... BUT -- *THAT'S* FUNNY...

AND SINCE THE TOMB EXHIBIT BEARS NO SIGN OF DISTURBANCE, THE GUARD DOES NOT REALIZE THAT A THIEF HAS NOW *GAINED* THE PRECIOUS *TIARA*...

I NEVER NOTICED THAT *SCAR* DOWN TUT'S FACE -- OR THAT HIS *EYES* WERE *OPEN*. LOOKS LIKE HE WAS WRAPPED *ALIVE*...

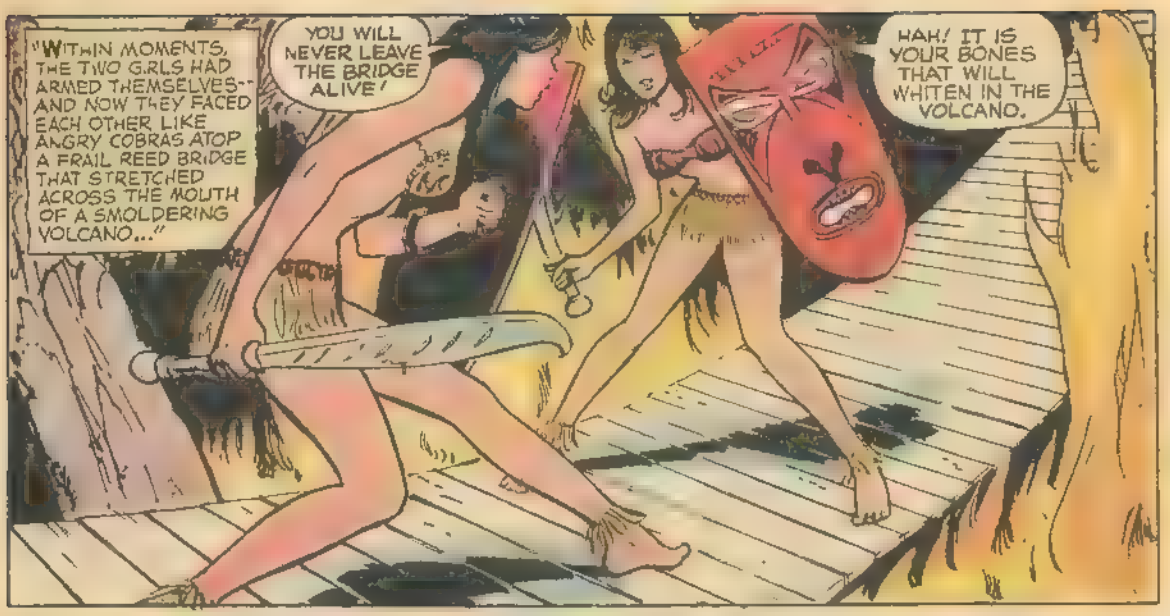
...AND THE GUARD NEVER REALIZES, EITHER, THAT AUGUSTUS CHERVIL'S NEW POSSESSION WILL DO HIM NO GOOD. HE CANNOT EVEN *TOUCH* IT... FOR HIS ARMS ARE BOUND BY TIGHT, CLAUSTROPHOBIC GAUZE... AND A CURSE OF EVERLASTING DEATH HAS BEEN PROVEN *SINCERE!*

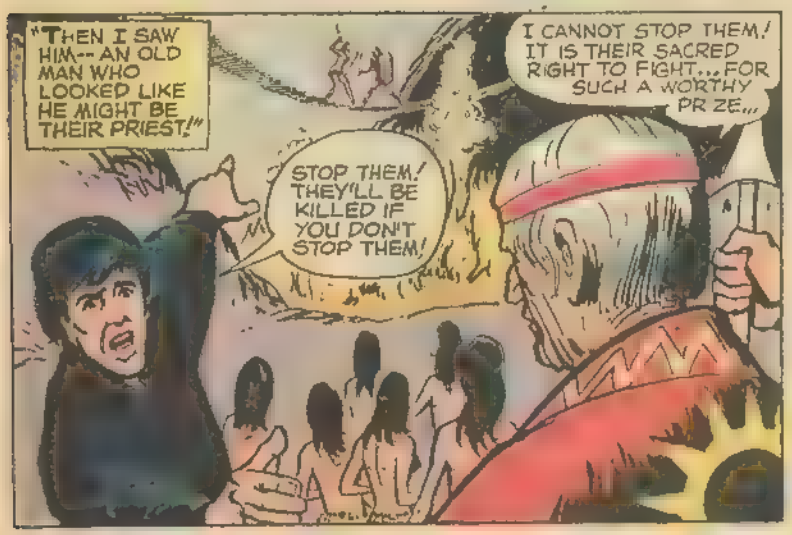
BUT THE STORY DIDN'T END *THERE*, DID IT? HOW *COULD* IT HAVE, WITH YET ANOTHER EVIL-DOER LEFT TO BE APPREHENDED? I'M TALKING ABOUT A CERTAIN UNSCRUPULOUS BUYER OF STOLEN *TIARAS*, OF COURSE! HE DIED SOON AFTERWARD, YOU KNOW -- STRANGLED TO DEATH BY A CERTAIN *MUMMY* WHO'D GROWN TIRED OF BEING ON DISPLAY INSIDE THE FIELD MUSEUM! BUT YOU CAN STILL VISIT THAT COLLECTOR IF YOU'RE UP TO IT -- I BURIED HIM IN A LITTLE GRAVEYARD BEHIND THE *DARK MANSION!*

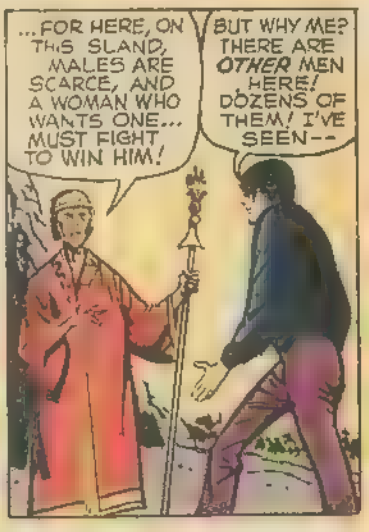
END

THIS HARROWING TALE IS ABOUT A YOUNG SAILOR NAMED SCOTT DAMON WHO'S HAULED ASHORE ON AN UNCHARTED ISLE AFTER HIS SHIP GOES DOWN. UNFORTUNATELY, THIS ENCHANTED LITTLE ISLAND PARADISE HAS A HIDDEN DANGER... SO WATCH YOUR STEP READER -- OR YOU MIGHT JUST FIND YOURSELF BECOMING AN UNSUSPECTING VICTIM OF THE...
GENERATION GAP!
I-I'VE FOUND IT! OTHER MEN HAVE DREAMED ABOUT IT... HUNGERED FOR IT, BUT I'VE FOUND IT!
"IT WAS THE SUMMER OF 1835... WHEN A TYPHOON CAME AT US OUT OF NOWHERE... IT WAS A LIVING NIGHTMARE... FILLED WITH THE CRUNCHING OF WOOD, THE TEARING OF SAILCLOTH, AND THE GHASTLY SHRIEKING OF DROWNING MEN!..."
I MUST STOP HIM.... FOR HIS OWN GOOD!
"SOMEHOW I MADE IT TO SHORE..."
BRING HIM IN GENTLY... BUT HURRY!
HE MAY BE DEAD ALREADY!

"MY STOMACH BURNED...LIKE I'D SWALLOWED THE ENTIRE OCEAN AND THEN SPAT IT OUT AGAIN! BUT I FELT WARM SAND BENEATH MY BELLY... AND HAPPY VOICES CHIRPED AROUND ME LIKE A THOUSAND GOLDEN BELLS..."
HE IS ALIVE! I SAW HIM MOVE!
"THEN I AWOKE! AT FIRST, I THOUGHT I HAD DIED AND ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN, BECAUSE THERE WERE ANGELS EVERYWHERE I LOOKED, EACH MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THE NEXT!"
HE IS HANDSOME!
I SAW HIM FIRST...THEREFORE HE IS MINE!
IF THIS IS ALL A DREAM...I HOPE NOBODY EVER WAKES ME UP!
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM--
IT IS ME HE LIKES!
NO, I AM HIS FAVORITE!
BUT I DON'T EVER WANT TO LEAVE!
"THEN THINGS BECAME UNFRIENDLY...THEY BEGAN TO ARGUE..."
IT WAS I WHO REVIVED HIM!
I REACHED THE WRECKAGE FIRST!
WHO DRAGGED HIM ASHORE?
"WITHIN SECONDS THE SITUATION HAD GOTTEN OUT OF HAND..."
IF YOU WANT MY MAN, YOU MUST FIGHT FOR HIM ON THE BRIDGE OF DEATH!
YOUR MAN! I'LL CUT YOUR HEART OUT, YOU VILE WITCH!
THEY'RE OUT OF THEIR MINDS! WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO?
2


"WITHIN MOMENTS, THE TWO GIRLS HAD ARMED THEMSELVES--AND NOW THEY FACED EACH OTHER LIKE ANGRY COBRAS ATOP A FRAIL REED BRIDGE THAT STRETCHED ACROSS THE MOUTH OF A SMOLDERING VOLCANO..."
YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE THE BRIDGE ALIVE!
HAH! IT IS YOUR BONES THAT WILL WHITEN IN THE VOLCANO.

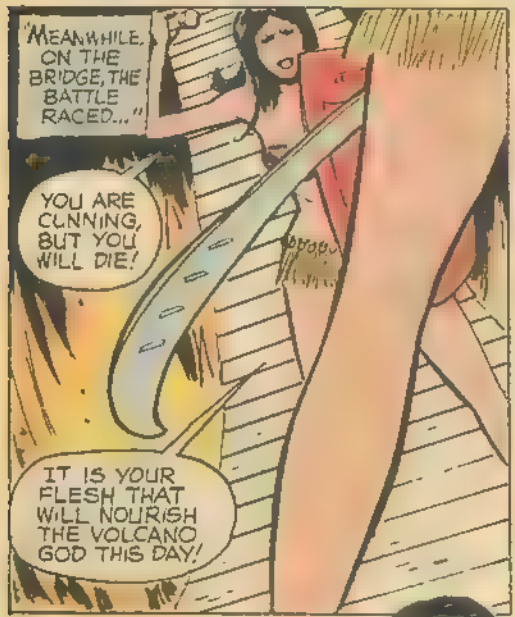

"THEN I SAW HIM--AN OLD MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE HE MIGHT BE THEIR PRIEST!"
STOP THEM! THEY'LL BE KILLED IF YOU DON'T STOP THEM!
I CANNOT STOP THEM! IT IS THEIR SACRED RIGHT TO FIGHT... FOR SUCH A WORTHY PRIZE...


...FOR HERE, ON THIS ISLAND, MALES ARE SCARCE, AND A WOMAN WHO WANTS ONE... MUST FIGHT TO WIN HIM!
BUT WHY ME? THERE ARE *OTHER* MEN HERE! DOZENS OF THEM! I'VE SEEN--

"THE PRIEST ONLY SMILED..."
YES, THERE *ARE* MANY OTHER MEN! BUT THEY ARE LIKE ME... OLD... FRAIL... IMPOTENT! THAT IS WHY THE WOMEN FIGHT FOR YOU!

"FOR THE FIRST TIME, I TOOK A GOOD LOOK AT THE MEN AROUND ME..."
IT CAN'T BE TRUE... WHAT HE SAID...

"BUT IT WAS TRUE... EVERY WORD OF IT"
THE WOMEN ARE ALL YOUNG... BEAUTIFUL! BUT THE MEN ARE ALL OLD... DECREPIT! I'LL BET I'M THE ONLY MAN ON THE ISLAND WHO'S A DAY UNDER SIXTY!


MEANWHILE, ON THE BRIDGE, THE BATTLE RACED..."
YOU ARE CUNNING, BUT YOU WILL DIE!
IT IS YOUR FLESH THAT WILL NOURISH THE VOLCANO GOD THIS DAY!

"SUDDENLY... ONE OF THE GIRLS MADE A CUNNING BACKWARD FEINT, THEN LUNGED FORWARD, KNOCKING HER OPPONENT OFF BALANCE..."
OHHHHH!
YOU FIGHT CARELESSLY, WITCH!

"AND THEN IT ENDED... HORRIBLY..."
THE VICTORY-- AND THE MAN-- ARE MINE!
EE-EAHHHH!

"I TRIED TO FORGET THE BATTLE ON THE BRIDGE... TO REVEL IN THE REJOICING THAT FOLLOWED..."
THIS ISLAND IS TERRIFIC, LARA!
AND I WILL MAKE YOU A LOVING WIFE, SCOTT!
"SOON, BEFORE THE ENTIRE VILLAGE, WE WERE MARRIED..."
AS HIGH PRIEST, I DECLARE YOU UNITED! BE HAPPY, MY CHILDREN!
WE WILL, HOLY ONE!
"FIVE YEARS PASSED. YEARS OF HAPPINESS... AND SERENITY... AND YET--"
--HOW DOES SHE STAY SO YOUNG-LOOKING... IT'S AS IF SHE HASN'T AGED A DAY SINCE WE WERE MARRIED!
"TEN MORE YEARS PASSED. I HAD BECOME MIDDLE-AGED... BUT SHE..."
SHE'S AS YOUNG AS THE DAY I MET HER! WHAT IS HER SECRET?
"IT BECAME AN OBSESSION WITH ME... I HAD TO KNOW WHAT WAS KEEPING HER SO YOUNG... WHILE I CONTINUED TO GROW OLD..."
SHE'S MY WIFE... I HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW... A RIGHT...
"FINALLY... I COULD CONTAIN MYSELF NO LONGER..."
WHY? TELL ME! WHY AM I GROWING OLD-- WHILE YOU, AND EVERY GIRL ON THIS ISLAND, NEVER AGES A DAY? SPEAK, WOMAN, I HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW!
YOU HAVE NO SUCH RIGHT, SCOTT! BE GRATEFUL THAT WE FISHED YOU FROM THE SEA... THAT I FOUGHT FOR YOU... THAT YOU LIVE A HAPPY LIFE ON OUR ISLAND! DO NOT ASK FOR MORE THAN THAT!

"I PRETENDED TO BE SATISFIED, BUT THE NEXT DAY I FOLLOWED THE GIRLS INTO THE WOODS..."
COME, GIRLS, THE OTHERS ARE ALREADY THERE!
ALREADY WHERE?
"SUDDENLY FROM THE EDGE OF A CLEARING, I SAW THE GIRLS BATHING IN A SPARKLING POOL... AND ALL AT ONCE, EVERYTHING BECAME CRYSTAL CLEAR TO ME..."
THIS POOL! IT CONTAINS THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH... AND I'M...
GIRLS, A MAN IS HERE! SEIZE HIM!
"IN ONE SPLIT SECOND... I MADE A MAD DASH FOR THE POOL..."
OUT OF MY WAY...
"THEY LEAPED AT ME... CLAWED AT ME... BUT I LUNGED ONWARD..."
STOP! YOU CANNOT GO ON!
STOP HIM!
LET ME GO! IT'S MINE! I HAVE A RIGHT TO IT!
CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.
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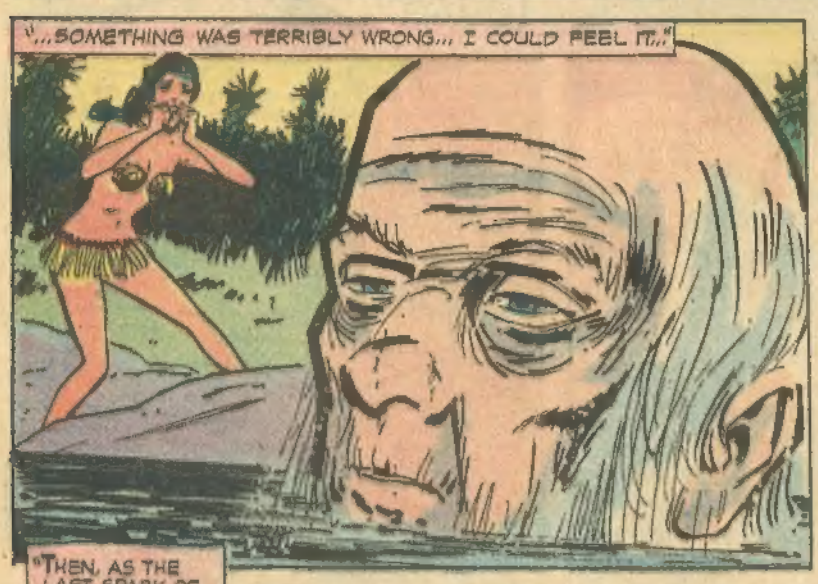
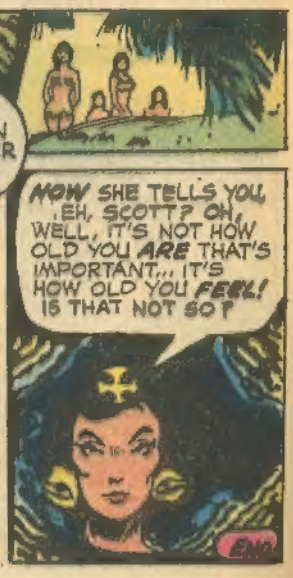
"THEY WERE ON ME LIKE A PACK OF TIGRESSES... BUT THEY COULDN'T HOLD ME..."
ARRGGHH! LET ME BY! I'LL KILL YOU ALL! LET ME BY!
WE MUST KEEP HIM BACK!
"WITH THE STRENGTH OF A MADMAN, I BROKE FREE..."
EEEAAAHHH!
I'M IN THE CLEAR! I'M FREE! IT'S MINE!
STOP HIM!
"THEN I SAW HER... LARA... TRYING TO STOP ME FROM REACHING THE POOL!"
STOP, SCOTT! PLEASE! PLEASE!
OUT OF MY WAY! YOU CAN'T KEEP IT ALL TO YOURSELF! I WANT TO BE YOUNG, TOO!
"SHE TORE AT MY SHIRT... CLAWED AT ME... BUT I LUSTED FOR THE WATER IN THAT POOL... AND THAT LUST GAVE ME THE STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED MEN!"
GET AWAAAYY! GET AWAAAYYY!
"AND THEN... I LEAPT..."
I MADE IT! YOU COULDN'T STOP ME! YOU COULDN'T STOP ME! HA-HA-HAAAA!

"I STAYED UNDER WATER AS LONG AS I COULD, WAITING FOR THOSE UNWANTED YEARS TO FALL AWAY FROM ME... TO FEEL LIKE A YOUNG MAN AGAIN... TO JOIN LARA IN A HEAVENLY WORLD OF ETERNAL YOUTH!"
(SOB) OH, SCOTT! (SOB) WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?



"THEN, AS THE LAST SPARK OF LIFE EBBED FROM MY AGING BODY, I LEARNED THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT THE SACRED POOL..."
OH (SOB) SCOTT! WE TRIED TO KEEP YOU BACK (SOB)--
-- THE POOL IS A FOUNTAIN OF ETERNAL YOUTH... BUT (SOB) IT IS A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH ONLY FOR WOMEN!
...AND (SOB) DIE... AS SOON AS THEY ENTER THE SACRED WATER!
MEN ARE DIFFERENT, SCOTT! THEY DO NOT GROW YOUNG IN THE POOL, AS WE DO! INSTEAD... THEY GROW OLD...



NEXT ISSUE ON SALE ON OR ABOUT MAY 24TH